Roxbury, Dec. 14, 1874.

My dear Wendell:

Your filial congratulations on the completion of my threescore years and ten, on Saturday last, were seasonably received, as was also the valuable lap-robe — a token of your considerate affection, in view of my crippled condition. It cannot fail to give me comfort and protection from the cold, whether worn as a shawl or to cover the knees when riding into the city or elsewhere; though the prospect now is that I shall be compelled to remain within doors very closely during the winter, as I have done ~~during~~ for the last two or three weeks. By the advice of my physician, I have been very quiet since I put myself under his care; but though I have carefully followed all his prescriptions, I am to-day quite as badly

off, in the matter of acute pain and stiffness of the joints, as when I began. If, by New Year's Day, there shall be no sort of relief obtained, I shall feel disposed to discontinue my present treatment, as I have already spent, in trying to get cured, hundred of dollars to no purpose — a sum which I wish my eleven grandchildren could have divided among them as a Christmas present. The outlook is certainly discouraging, except that, happily, a remedy is sure to be found at last, when this mortal coil is shuffled off.

I should not mind my present confinement but for the fact that my eyes will not allow me to read much, and that I cannot sit down and write without aggravating my case. But do not conclude that I am growing morbid; for, otherwise, my general health is too good, and I am surrounded by too many blessings, (having all the comforts of life,)

to justify any misanthropic feelings. If I needed to learn a lesson of patience and resignation, the example of your invalid mother would be most instructive. Before this month closes, it will be eleven years since she was rendered permanently helpless by a paralytic shock; and how closely in her waking hours, during that long period, has ~~closely~~ she been confined to her chair at the window, without a murmur at her hard lot! Until the past summer, she has had but few opportunities to enjoy any out-door ~~ex~~ excursions; but I trust that, henceforth, when the weather is genial, these will not be found wanting.

Again: I have more satisfaction and comfort in my children than words can express. In all that pertains to filial love and devotedness, affectionate regard for each other, and exemplary lives, what more could be reasonably desired?

Then, such "troops of friends" (and such friends!) as I possess on both sides of the Atlantic! With a grateful heart I can sing—

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolonged my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace."

And, finally, what occasion for thankfulness and inspiration is to be found in my having been permitted to see the fruition of my labors in the liberation and enfranchisement of the bondmen of the South! "Now, Lord, lettest now thy servant," &c.

Harry, busy as he was, sent me a postal card, with his affectionate congratulations and best wishes, by the same mail that brought me your letter.

When you are seventy, may you possess as many blessings as does

Your ever loving father,

W. L. G.